

# FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHED & PROPRIETOR

NO. 7.—VOL. 8.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN: THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 371.

## TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, with no discount, after the expiration of three months. All Bills for Advertisements, Job Work, or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts. Subscribers failing to order a discontinuation of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly. No Paper will be sent out of the county unless paid for in advance. Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines or Less, for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance. Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Forty Dollars for a whole column, Twenty Dollars for one-half, Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No deduction from these terms under any circumstances. The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members. Announcing candidates Three Dollars to be paid in advance in every case. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted. No advertisement inserted gratuitously. Advertisements of an abusive nature, will not be inserted at any price. Job Printing of All kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee. No Paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

## Liberia a Swindle.

The Farmville (Va.) Journal notices the return from Liberia of two slaves who were emancipated by the late John Watson, of Prince Edward county. The sum of \$4000 was left by Mr. Watson to carry sixty of his slaves to that "Republic." They give a very discouraging account of the trip out and their treatment after they arrived. The Journal says:

Before leaving the ship, the Colonization Society induced the emigrants to purchase quantities of cheap calico, brass jewelry, &c., assuring them that they would need such articles in their new home, but on their arrival they found they had been deceived and defrauded out of their money. The provisions carried out for their support for the first six months, were sold daily before their eyes, and they were compelled to buy provisions every day, of very inferior quality, and deficient in quantity. The agent employed by the Society would sell to the bakers, and the bakers to the emigrants—their own provisions—at exorbitant prices, the agent receiving part of the profits.

On their arrival they only received a half acre of land, instead of the five acres promised. They found provisions at exorbitant prices, and a good deal of bad treatment besides, from the authorities. They allege that the President of the colony, if not engaged in the slave trade, connives at it. They have returned to slavery, believing:

The freedom to the negro in Africa, is the greatest curse that could possibly befall him; and that had the Liberians the means of getting away, seven-eighths of them would gladly return to the United States, and serve the hardest masters to be found in the South, feeling that the condition of the slave here is far preferable to that of the most favored of the inhabitants of Liberia.

The Cincinnati Gazette relates a singular story of a "death clock" in the family of a gentleman residing at Newport, Ky. It is simply constructed, but all the efforts of the clock-makers will not make it keep time. Consequently it has been permitted to rest in silence. This, however, is occasionally broken, when it will suddenly strike one, which proves to be a death-knell of one of the family. Whenever the clock strikes a death is sure to follow a few hours afterwards.

CRIMINAL.—In Mecklenburg county, N. C., Mr. Lechower was fined \$750 and imprisoned three months, and David Weant fined \$250 and imprisoned three months, for whipping to death a slave of the former, who was rebellious.

## A Swindled Gambler.

Some years ago, I was in a gambling house in Cincinnati, a silent looker on at the game of faro. In those days such operations were carried on rather openly, and almost under the eyes of the authorities, with unbarred doors, so that any one could walk in either in the capacity of a better or a mere spectator. In the latter capacity I found myself near midnight, when the door of the den opened. Just as the game began to flag, not a sound was heard but the click of the checks and the rattle of some dishes a darkey was placing on the table, in walked a tall, raw-boned, country-looking chap, in a grey satin coat and coonskin cap. He walked up to the only vacant place at the table, and drawing from his side pocket an enormous calf-skin wallet, which looked as if it might contain at least a thousand in fives and tens, he addressed the dealer:

"Look here, Mister, I'm going to fight this Tiger up to the mines!—Understand me, I alters fight to the death; that is, until I break you or you break me."

"Very good," said the dealer, "you are one of those we like to deal for." And his eyes fairly glistened at the certainty of depleting the plethora looking pocket book.

"But understand me," continued the rough looking customer, "there is one thing you must do, and that is if you should break me, you must give me enough to carry me home."

"I'll do it," said the 'leg'.

"Yes, yes, yes," responded the entire party.

Here a darkey announced supper, and the keeper of the 'tiger' announced a recess for half an hour. The crowd went into the good things prepared, and Rough was not a whit behind the rest. He dived into the version, the oyster pie and the "chicken fixins," until he could eat no more with any degree of safety to himself—not forgetting to wash down the whole with liberal potations of brandy.

Refreshments over, labor bid fair to commence in right good earnest. The dealer took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and seated himself. Rough squared himself at the table, and again drew the ponderous wallet. All eyes were now turned upon him; for spectators, patrons of the establishment, and even the bankers themselves looked for a tall game. Rough drew from out the pockets of the capacious wallet a greasy and rather suspicious looking five dollar bill, and called for the worth of it in chips.

After scrutinizing it a moment, the dealer tossed it into the drawer and passed over a stack of ten chips to Rough. He next gave the cards sundry scientific flirts, placed them in a box, and announced "All ready." Rough placed his ten chips on the ace, and the deal went on. Some eight or ten were drawn out, when an ace came to view on the top of the box, and the dealer "staked down" the entire pile. He then waited a few moments in expectation that Rough would open the pocket book again, but that individual continued resting his chin on the palm of his hand, and gazing abstractedly on the ace.

"Well," said the 'leg', "ain't you going to bet any more?"

"Nary red; I'm broke—flat!" said Rough.

"My friend," said he to Rough, "it is not every day one meets with a patron like you. Go and help yourself to another drink of brandy and water, and a cigar. Whenever you come to town again, give us a call.—Call often—you will find the latch-string out. I wish you a safe journey. Give my respects to your wife and children. Bye, bye."

Rough didn't shrink one iota from his railery, but took the proffered drink and cigar.

"I say," said he, as he held the door ajar, "I wish you better luck than comes along; but before you make such a bargain with him, just ascertain where he lives, and the size of his pile," and so saying, he disappeared amid the guffaws of the crowd, in which the dealer heartily joined.

The Richmond Examiner, a paper remarkable for its conservative tendencies, takes the following view of the revolution of public feeling now going on in the South:

We will not say that the entire South is now ready for the extreme measures proposed by some of the Southern States. We know it is not. But we say, again, that a revolution is going on in the minds of the southern masses of which the northern people have no conception. And we do not hesitate to avow the opinion that if fanaticism is as progressive in the future as it has been in the last dozen years, it will not be long before every slaveholding State South of Maryland, will assert and carry into effect the doctrine laid down in the following passage in another declaration of independence, to which they were parties—(slightly altered to suit the case):

"When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce us under an absolute despotism, it is our right, it is our duty, to throw off such government and provide new guards for our future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the States, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government."

A revolution in public sentiment, like the one of which we here speak, is not likely to go backward; and if it shall appear that the Black Republican policy in regard to the admission of new States is to be adopted by Congress, it will not be many years before it will have to be written, "the Union was." The Southern people will look with anxiety to the development of Northern sentiment on the subject of slavery agitation. If they find Mr. Buchanan and his conservative friends in Congress sustained at home, they will have a new assurance that they can continue in the Union without degradation. If, on the other hand, the Northern conservatives be displaced by Black Republican fanatics, and Mr. Buchanan's administration thus rendered powerless for the protection of our rights, then we confidently expect to see the disunion sentiment everywhere prevalent among the masses of the South. This we say to the Northern people, not in the spirit of a threat, but as a warning to such of them as desire the continuance of the Union.

A KENTUCKY STOCK FARMER.—Mr. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ky., is the most extensive stock farmer in the United States—we do not mean in numbers, but in the value of the stock. A Kentucky correspondent writes to the New York Tribune:

"Two horses alone, cost Mr. Alexander \$22,500; these and the other thorough breeds are worth \$50,000; the trotting stock cost \$15,000, and the blooded cattle are worth \$150,000."

It is estimated that the eggs annually produced by the hens in Ohio would pay the yearly interest on the public debt.

## Choice Poetry.

### Hours of Sadness.

I gaze upon the silent stars,  
As pure and beautiful they shine,  
And wonder if they see to-night  
Another heart as sad as mine.  
I hear the dew-drenched blossoms sigh,  
And perfume kisses softly fling,  
To the light zephyr passing by,  
Who brushed them with his silken wing.  
The breeze amid the lilted vines  
Comes with the moonbeams pale and sweet  
And in long waving silver lines  
Weaves rich mosaics at my feet.  
The little birds, too, 'neath the leaves,  
With softly folded pinions sleep,  
Whilst I within our vine-clad bowers,  
Once more a lonely vigil keep.

The weary hearted world is still,  
With all its busy cares, at last,  
And o'er my heart-strings wild and shrill,  
Sweep mournful memories of the Past—  
Of many a dear departed one—  
Of many a softly whispered vow,  
Breathed in some low sweet loving tone,  
Whose music murmurs round me now.

Alas! my soul is sad to-night—  
Mine eyes are dimmed with burning tears;  
Far Memory in her rapid flight  
Hath opened the grave of buried years.  
Beside me whispering as I weep—  
Close up the Past with iron bands,  
'Tis better we remember not!  
And veil with woman's merciful art,  
The darkness and the gloom  
That makes thy once burning heart,  
For love and hope—a tomb!

### Farewell! Farewell! We may not meet.

Farewell! farewell! we may not meet  
In this cold world again;  
I never more may hear thy sweet  
Aid all-entrancing strain;  
Yet oft will memory recall  
Those gentle tones of thine,  
When sorrow shrouds, as with a pall,  
This care-worn soul of mine.

Fancy ever shall picture thee,  
As beautiful and fair;  
As now thou seemest unto me,  
With thy soft, golden hair;  
And eyes, whose light is like a gleam  
Of young hope to the soul  
Long tossed upon Life's wintry stream,  
Where darkened billows roll.

Few days have passed in bliss away,  
Since thou and I first met,  
But years may pass, and youth decay,  
Nor teach me to forget;  
And though we may not meet again,  
My prayer shall ever be,  
That heaven may shield thy heart from pain,  
And shower its blessings free.

How CAME IT THERE?—From the Belleville Democrat of the 1st we clip the following singular account of the flogging of a tree deep in the ground:

Mr. Owens, a few hundred yards out of town, on the Mascoutah plank-road, in sinking a well on his premises a few days ago, when about twenty-five feet below the surface, struck what proved to be the top of a tree.

The tree is sunk on a rolling swell of a clay ridge; after the first feet of the surface mold the earth is hard compact clay to the top boughs of this tree. The tree was standing upright, and he followed it down, trimming off the boughs and limbs, and removing the body. As the depth of the well increased, till the size of the tree increased, till at the depth of forty-five feet the tree is about eighteen inches in diameter.

The tree is in a perfect state of preservation, but is not at all petrified. Tree roots, and all, were surrounded by a hard, compacted, red and blue clay, from top to bottom, that gave no indications of ever having been disturbed before. The tree is a cotton-wood, such as grows in the river bottoms, but there is no grove or single tree of that kind within a mile of that place.

The responsibility and expense of maintaining a Territorial Government in New Mexico, is greater than the estimated value of the whole Territory. The yearly cost of the necessary military force alone is nearly equal to half the value of the whole real estate of the Territory. Mr. Secretary Floyd evidently thinks the Territorial Government a nuisance, and recommends its abatement.

## The Swan & Co. Swindle.

This grand scheme of open swindling has at last been headed in its onward career, and its principal operators are about to meet their just deserts. We have no doubt that a more high-handed piece of villainy was never practiced on a credulous and confiding people. Like all such iniquitous schemes to extort from the unsuspecting, their very foundation stone is rotten to the core. All attempts to impose upon the public should meet with that punishment it richly deserves. The whole posse of them, under name of gift enterprises, etc., are nothing but base impositions to gull the simple mind, and should be frowned down by all the lovers of right. Our city papers here and elsewhere are guilty of aiding in this stupendous fraud, by advertising for them, and thereby seeming to endorse them, given of ten too favorable notices to encourage their readers to spend their hard earnings for naught, by purchasing their worthless tickets. This is all wrong—radically wrong! No paper should, if they regard the interest of their patrons, publish anything they cannot fully endorse, either for love or for money. Those guilty of the abandonment of the seat they occupy, which they should be made to vacate by an outraged and abused people, whose confidence has been violated.—*Memphis Lead.*

A PLUCKY SENATOR.—The Hon. William Chappell, a member of the Wisconsin Senate, received \$10,000 of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad bribe two years ago, and was active in corrupting his legislative associates. The Senate at its recent session, voted, 21 to 5, that he was guilty, and 18 to 9 that he was unworthy of a seat in the body. He, however, retained his seat. A mass meeting at Watertown, where he resides, held without distinction of party, unanimously requested him to resign. He refused. The Common Council of that city, a majority being his political friends, made a similar request by a vote of 7 to 5. But Mr. C. would not comply. As this plucky Senator will be remembered in history, it is proper to state that he emerged from New York, and was for many years a citizen of Rochester.

The Kansas Weekly Herald of May 8, says—in speaking of the passage of the English compromise bill:—  
The question is now localized, and the people of Kansas are the only parties concerned. Whether the proposition is accepted or rejected, the question is at an end. Whatever the issue may be here in Kansas, its effects will only be felt here. The excitement which has too long agitated the whole country, must now necessarily die away, for the material by which it was manufactured is at length exhausted.

The consequences of the late terrible tornado in Illinois were very serious. Disaster and ruin mark its track, and the total amount of damage done to towns, farms, houses, crops, and other property may be computed at hundreds of thousands of dollars. At Towanda, on the Chicago, and Alton, on the St. Louis Railroad, nearly every building was prostrated. At Williamsville, a farm house was blown down, and all its inmates, five in number, killed. The village of Okaw is literally in ruins.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN WITNESS.—A law passed through the Legislature at its late session, taking all restrictions from witnesses—the principal party, or any other party in interest, may swear to the facts, and his testimony will go to the jury as that of any other witness—they to estimate his credibility as they think it is worth. This is a startling innovation, and there will probably be many Du-gold Duggitts on the witness stand—"when a case comes to my oath, it is a won case."—*Wisconsin Argus.*

## A Fortune Made by an Act of Kindness.

Most American readers have heard of Swain, the author of "Swain's Panacea," and how, being a book-binder, he came to find on the blank leaf of a volume he was binding the receipt for the celebrated medicine which laid the foundation of the princely fortune which he left behind him. Something like this was the lucky accident which made Day and his eminent blacking so famous.—Day was a hair-dresser in an humble way, and was beneficent and charitable in the extreme; one day a soldier entered his shop, and stated that he had a long march before him to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, when the grateful soldier exclaimed, "God bless you, sir; how can I ever repay you for this? I have nothing in this world except"—pulling a dirty piece of paper from his pocket—"a receipt for blacking; it is the best ever seen, many a half guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay this you have given to a poor soldier; your kindness I never can either repay or forget." Mr. Day, who was a very shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the history, tried the blacking, and finding it good, commenced the manufacture and sale of it, and realized the immense fortune of which he died possessed.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

GREAT FRAUD.—We have received a communication, says the Cleveland Herald, dated Huntsburg, relative to a pretended association called "American Homestead Land Company," whose headquarters are located at Washington, and which advertises exclusively in the country papers, that for \$5 received the purchaser will hold a chance of getting from forty to one thousand acres of land in Wisconsin. Various prominent gentlemen are referred to, including some thirty members of Congress and sundry ex-Governors of Wisconsin. Among others ex-Governor Randall, who, having been applied to by sundry purchasers of these chances, for information, has published a letter in the Madison (Wis.) Journal, saying that he knows nothing of the matter, has not authorized the use of his name, and has no doubt the whole affair is a swindle.

A negro in Louisville broke open a box belonging to a comrade, containing three silver dollars, and stole one of the pieces. Having been arraigned for theft, the usual plea of insanity was urged, the counsel declaring no sane man would take one and leave two dollars behind. Whereupon the Cuffee who was robbed exclaimed with great emphasis:

"Massa, I tell you dat nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out. Now, if he'd broke de box open and put de dollar in, den I say he's crazy."

His argument was conclusive, and the thief was sent up.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner in Philadelphia: "Doctor, what do you do for yourself, when you have a turn of headache, or slight attacks?" "Go without my dinner," was the reply. "And if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my supper." "But if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that starving is better; but we cannot make our patients believe it."

A contemporary noticing the appointment of a postmaster, remarks:

"If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very active and efficient officer."

## A New Party.

We have been amused at the attempts made by broken down politicians, desperate adventurers, sordid aspirants, Know Nothings, Republicans, &c., to form a new party. They wish to convince the people that one is needed to save the country from being ruined by the Democracy! Democracy, they argue, is responsible for everything, and until it is overthrown nothing can be accomplished. The sins of Democracy are, they say, grievous and manifold—both of omission and commission. Has it not slain Know Nothingism? Has it not held Black Republicanism in check? Does it not defend the Constitution, enforce the laws, and maintain the Union? Destroy it and Know Nothingism may rally! Overthrow the Democracy and Black Republicanism has no foe to prevent the accomplishment of its purposes! Prostrate the Democracy and Disunion is sure and speedy! Therefore, all hands—black spirits and white spirits, blue spirits and grey, must unite and defeat the Democracy, and hatred to it is to be the common bond of union among the heterogeneous mass! Of such materials, and for such a purpose, *A New Party* is to be formed.—*Huntsville Advocate.*

## Folly of the Opposition.

It is downright folly to think of destroying the Democratic party, as many Republican and Know Nothing orators and editors predict. This thing has been attempted too often, and signally failed just as often. A lot of Abolition, women's rights, ugly, knock-kneed, spindled-shanked old maids might as well threaten to put a stop to the increase of the population of the country, as for bigots and fanatics to think of destroying the old Democratic party, or even defeating it for any length of time. It has whipped every foe and taken care of the government for seventy-five years. It has stood the powerful warfare of gallant fights, secret societies, and the treachery of false friends. The old Democratic party can't be beaten—it may be defeated; but principles are eternal. Whenever you hear a man contending that democracy will be wiped out, tell him you have heard and read such things ever since you were a child—point him to the history of your country—laugh at him, tell him to wait four or five years, and perhaps he will be driven out of sheer necessity and patriotism, to seek safety in that party which he has predicted is going to pieces. Who does not think it is folly to oppose the democracy?

A SCATTERED FOUNTAIN.—At the supper of the Buckingham Palace Ball, the places of Queen Victoria and of the pretty young Queen of Portugal, were opposite to a magnificent silver ornament, representing a group of horses drinking at a fountain. No sooner did the Queens approach, than the fountain commenced playing Cologne water, filling the air with grateful perfume.

POOR DOUGLAS.—It is said that the last that was seen of Senator Douglas after the vote on the Kansas bill, he was setting on the steps (sober of course) of the National Capitol with his chin between his knees, repeating the following strain:

"And when I think of what I am,  
And what I used to be,  
I find I've thrown myself away,  
Without sufficient cause."

BLACK REPUBLICANISM.—The Legislature of Massachusetts has adopted an amendment to the Constitution providing that a foreigner shall reside in the State two years after naturalization before he can be made a voter. A negro can vote in the months' after coming into the State. Massachusetts is a model Republican State.

A. O. P. Schorn's jewelry store in Murfreesboro, Tenn., a few days ago, was robbed of its entire stock, and \$500 in money besides.